

Letter to Bob and Christian,

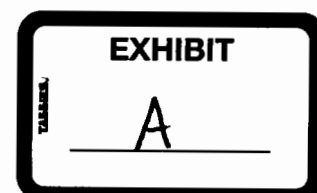
How this has changed my Life

As I sit here today thinking about why I accepted money from vendors I really can't come up with a reason that makes sense. It was something that started out small and evolved. It was kind of like a game; however, I didn't need the money but I still accepted it. All of those vendors were my friends. They were all doing well so I thought our arrangement could not harm anyone but boy was I wrong. Our dealings were hurting lots of people and I just didn't realize it but now I do. I was caught up in that world with them.

At first I was angry about getting caught up in this mess. I blamed everyone but myself. Arch operations that were under my watch were very profitable and made senior officers lots of bonus money. The sites were running with the lowest cost in the company and I was able to take care of a lot of employees. I didn't think anyone should care.

Lots of sleepless nights have passed thinking about my terrible situation. I now realize I am in this predicament because of my own actions. I am mad at myself for doing something so stupid. Not only have I ruined my life, I have embarrassed my wife, son, family and friends. I lost a great job working for a company that was very good to me. The employees were like family to me and I realize that I have let them down. My family and friends once admired me for achieving a level in the coal industry that few have a chance to grasp, especially a small town, country boy like me. I know in my heart that I will miss working at Arch. I took pride in keeping high standards for employee health and safety and I now worry that no one is there to look out for them. Since my job was terminated so many hourly and front line foremen have called or stopped by to let me know how much I am missed and that I have their continued support. Each time I tell them how sorry I am and that they did not deserve this from me.

I was living in my own world and I didn't even know it. In my world I was in control of all situations and the best person you would ever want to meet. People were lined up to be my friends and they couldn't do enough for me. I was able to take care of people who needed it. Everything was great. In reality, I neglected my family for years by choosing to spend time with coworkers who I thought were friends. I put their feelings and personal dilemmas above those of my own family for a number of years. I truly thought people liked me for the person I was, not the position I held. I was so wrong! Those people I put before my family don't even have the time of day for me now. I recently heard about some of them laughing and making fun of some of the things I did and of who I was. These were some people that I put in key positions and that make big money because of promotions I gave them or helped them earn. At first this hurt my feelings but now I realize that it is probably for the best. The more I think about it the more I believe I deserve being made fun of. How could an educated man do something so stupid?



A stinging slap of reality was delivered to me shortly after my mother's death on June 5, 2013. My only sister told me that my mom thought that I had "gotten above my raising". I cried thinking that my mother died thinking that about her baby. I was taught to work hard, be kind to my fellow man, and to take care of my family. I am a son that never wanted to disappoint his parents and obviously I did. I am glad she passed away before all of this mess happened.

This whole ordeal has opened my eyes and I look at things completely different than before. I feel that I am a different man, that I am more humble and caring. I now value family more than ever and I'm realizing that faith can make a difference. It took me losing my career and so called friends to get me to this point. Those are not the important things in life to me now. I am focused on people, real people, the ones I need in my life that I can count on and the ones that need me and can count on me. My greatest regret is that my mother didn't survive her bout with cancer to see this change in me for the better.

After losing my job on April 14, 2014, with Arch Coal, I spent a week or two sitting alone, drinking, and feeling sorry for myself. I hated Arch and all of the employees and vendors that abandoned me. Not once did I ever say "hey Dave, you made the choice to do what you did". I blamed everyone else. I worked around the house for a month or so and then I asked my uncle for a job. He really didn't have anything but let me have a position doing general labor. Tearing down an old house to make room for the relocation of a storage building was my first job assignment. Me and a seventy-year-old man by the name of Forest McCoy were put on the job. On a hot day while removing shingles from the roof with a shovel, I paused for a break and thought, I have gone from managing three operations with seventeen hundred employees under my direction to working for a seventy year old man in just a month. Wow, this was a big change for me but that is when my attitude began to change, I now see. Power and control didn't matter, the important thing was that I had a job with insurance that my family had to have and I was able to work. The house we were working on was located on Route 65 in Lenore, West Virginia. This was only eight miles from my home and everyone in the community saw me working. I liked the fact that I could adjust to support my family. As we disassembled the house we salvaged every usable thing such as lights, windows and doors. One day a little woman in her late sixties pulled in the driveway to ask about the windows and doors because she could use them for some rental property she was fixing up. After talking to her more, I found out that Mrs. Neely was a real worker. She had gotten loans and purchased and refurbished houses to use as rentals. This was her third rental property and she had repaid all of her debt with only \$300 left to go. Instead of receiving a government check she was out making a living. I was so impressed I gave her a hug. Since I have been working on this job, I have met so many people like her. This was one example of how many really good people are out there just trying to make a living and survive. I aspire to be that kind of person.

I'm proud to be a coal miner. I am proud to be a West Virginian and I love this country. I love living in southern West Virginia, I especially like the culture and people here. I truly think I made a difference in the mining industry by operating mines at a higher standard and genuinely caring for the employees. I hope and pray that this continues because I have so many people that I love working in the mining industry for Arch Coal and other mining companies.

All of this has had a positive impacted on my life in so many ways. I have to say that other than the fact that I am going to prison, I'm glad I was caught. I didn't need or use any of the money I just accumulated it just like I was accumulating friends that I meant nothing to. I never thought I would be facing prison time. It took getting caught to realize that my actions both good and bad have an impact on others. Sometimes it takes a good hard fall to the bottom for one to find out where he stands and that has happened to me.

Choices that I have made it the past are now going to make the ones that I love most suffer. My wife, who became my girlfriend in the eighth grade, who has been a stay-at-home mother will now have to enter the workforce at forty-five years old because of my stupidity. Thankfully she has a BS degree in Accounting and should be able to land a job. My son has been a model child. He is nineteen years old and starting college this fall with the stress of my awful situation on his shoulders. My message to him is shoot for the stars but keep your feet on the ground, in other words, never to get above his raising like his father did. Delbarton is a small town, I have lived here my entire life and social media has been tough on my entire family. They had to develop thick skin quickly because people have been really cruel. They do not deserve this because I created this whole situation. My father lost my mother last year and was just starting to pull his life back together when all of this came out. I am unsure how much more he will be able to endure because he is a seventy-year old retired coalminer with health issues so his years are numbered. He calls or stops by my house four or five times a day because he worries about me constantly.

My role in life, as I saw it, was to take care of others. I gave advice, money, jobs, hugs, and some times even kicks in the rear. Now I am in no position to help anyone. I am the one who needs the help. I need all the prayers I can get. Putting this whole ordeal behind me and moving forward is my number one goal. I admit to my mistake and to my greed and I take full responsibility for my actions. I am smart enough to realize that I have gained a better understanding of the man I can be and I am strong enough to begin correcting my faults. There is so much more I want to accomplish in life. I want to contribute to the world, not just live in it. I want to be a good husband, a good father, a good neighbor and a good friend. I want people to be able to say David Runyon is a good man because they have seen it in my actions and in my heart not because I loaned them money or gave them a job. All of this self-examination has led me to the realization that my priorities in life were off balance and that my time and attention are the most valuable things I have to give. It is true money cannot buy you happiness. I have learned this lesson the hard way and it has changes my life.